THE

Two Wealthy Farmers;

Or, the History of *Mr. BRAGWELL.*

PART V.

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Two Wealthy Farmers, &c.

PART V.

O Mr. Worthy, ſaid Bragwell, this blow is too heavy for me, I cannot ſurvive this ſhock. I do not deſire it, I only deſire to die. We are very apt to talk moſt of dying when we are leaſt fit for it, ſaid Worthy. This is not the language of that ſubmiſſion which makes us prepare for death, but of that deſpair which makes us out of humour with life. O, Mr. Bragwell, you are indeed diſappointed of the grand ends which made life ſo delightful to you; but till your heart is humbled, till you are brought to a ſerious conviction of ſin, till you are brought to ſee what is the true end of life, you can have no hope in death. You think you have no buſineſs on earth, becauſe thoſe for whoſe ſake you too eagerly heaped up riches are no more. But is there not under the canopy of heaven ſome afflicted being whom you may yet relieve, ſome modeſt merit which you may bring [illegible]ard, ſome helpleſs creature poo ma, ſave by your advice, ſome chriſtian you may ſuſtain [illegible]ealth? [illegible] you have

no ſins of your own to repent of, no mercies of God to be thankful for, no miſeries of others to relieve, then, and not till then, I conſent you ſhould ſink down in deſpair, and call on death to relieve you.

Mr. Worthy attended his afflicted friend to the funeral of his unhappy daughter and her babe. The ſolemn ſervice, the committing his late gay and beautiful daughter to darkneſs, to worms, and to corruption, the ſight of the dead infant, for whoſe ſake he had reſumed all his ſchemes of vanity and covetouſneſs, when he thought he had got the better of them, the melancholy conviction that all human proſperity ends in *aſhes to aſhes and duſt to duſt*, had brought down Mr. Bragwell's ſelf-ſufficient and haughty ſoul into ſomething of that humble frame in which Mr. Worthy had wiſhed to ſee it. As ſoon as they returned home he was beginning to ſeize the favourable moment for fixing theſe ſerious impreſſions, when they were unſeaſonably interrupted by the pariſh officer, who came to aſk Mr. Bragwell what he was to do with a poor dying woman who was travelling the country with her child, and was taken in a ve-

under the church-yard wall? At firſt they thought ſhe was dead, ſaid the man, but finding ſhe ſtill breathed, they have carried her into the workhouſe till ſhe could give ſome account of herſelf. Mr. Bragwell was impatient at the interruption, which was indeed unſeaſonable, and told the man he was at that time too much overcome by ſorrow to attend to buſineſs, but he would give him an anſwer to-morrow. But my friend, ſaid Mr. Worthy, the poor woman may die to-night; your mind is indeed not in a frame for worldly buſineſs, but there is no ſorrow too great to forbid our attending on the calls of duty. An act of chriſtian charity will not diſturb but improve the ſerioufneſs of your ſpirit, and though you cannot dry your own tears, God may, in great mercy, permit you to dry thoſe of another. This may be one of thoſe occaſions for which I told you life was worth keeping. Do let us ſee this woman. Bragwell was not in a ſtate either to conſent or refuſe, and his friend drew him to the workhouſe, about the door of which ſtood a crowd of people. She is not dead, ſaid one, ſhe moves her head. But ſhe wants air, ſaid they all, while they all, according to cuſ-

tom, puſhed ſo cloſe upon her that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould get any. A fine boy of two or three years old ſtood by her, crying, Mammy is dead, mammy is ſtarved. Mr. Worthy made up to the poor woman, holding his friend by the arm: in order to give her air he untied a large black bonnet which hid her face, when Mr. Bragwell, at that moment caſting his eyes on her, ſaw in this poor ſtranger the face of his own run-away daughter, Mrs. Incle. He groaned, but could not ſpeak, and as he was turning away to conceal his anguiſh, the little boy fondly caught hold of his hand, liſping out—O ſtay, and give mammy ſome bread. His heart yearned towards the child, he graſped his little hand in his, while he ſorrowfully ſaid to Mr. Worthy, it is too much, ſend away the people. It is my dear naughty child, *my punishment is greater than I can bear.* Mr. Worthy deſired the people to go and leave the ſtranger to them; but by this time ſhe was no ſtranger to any of them. Pale and meagre as was her face, and poor and ſhabby as was her dreſs, the proud and flaunting Miſs Polly Bragwell was eaſily known by every one preſent. They went away with the mean rev[illegible]ge

of little minds, they paid themſelves by abuſe, for all the airs and inſolence they had once endured from her. Pride muſt have a fall, ſaid one. I remember when ſhe was too good to ſpeak to a poor body, ſaid another; where are her flounces and her furbelows now? It is come home to her at laſt. Her child looks as if he would be glad of the worſt bit ſhe formerly denied us.

In the mean time Mr, Bragwell had ſunk in an old wicker chair which ſtood behind, and groaned out, Lord forgive my hard heart! Lord ſubdue my proud heart, "create a clean heart, O God and renew a right ſpirit within me." This was perhaps the firſt word of genuine prayer he had ever offered up in his whole life. Worthy overheard it, and his heart rejoiced, but this was not a time for talking, but doing. He aſked Bragwell what was to be done with the unfortunate woman, who now ſeemed to recover faſt, but ſhe did not ſee them, for they were behind. She embraced her boy, and faintly ſaid, my child what ſhall we do? *I will arise and go to my father, and say unto him, father I have sinned against heaven and be-*

fore thee. This was a joyful ſound to Mr. Worthy, who began to hope that her heart might be as much changed for the better as her circumſtances were altered for the worſe, and he valued the goods of fortune ſo little, and contrition of ſoul ſo much, that he began to think the change on the whole might be a happy one. The boy then ſprung from his mother and ran to Bragwell, ſaying, Do be good to mammy. Mrs. Incle looking round, now perceived her father; ſhe fell at his feet, ſaying, O forgive your guilty child, and ſave your innocent one from ſtarving. Bragwell ſunk down by her, and prayed God to forgive both her and himſelf in terms of genuine ſorrow. To hear words of real penitence and heart-felt prayer from this once high-minded father and vain daughter, was muſic to Worthy's ears, who thought this moment of outward miſery was the only joyful one he had ever ſpent in the Bragwell family. He was reſolved not to interfere, but let the father's own feelings work out the way in which he was to act. Bragwell ſaid nothing, but ſlowly led to his own houſe, holding the little boy by the hand, and pointing to Worthy to aſſiſt the f[illegible]e

ſteps of his daughter, who once more entered her father's door's; but the dread of ſeeing her mother quite overpowered her. Mrs. Bragwell's heart was not changed, but ſorrow had weakened her powers of reſiſtance, and ſhe rather ſuffered her daughter to come in, than gave her a kind reception. She was more aſtoniſhed than pleaſed; and, even in this trying moment, was more diſguſted with the litlte boy's mean cloaths, than delighted with his roſy face. As ſoon as ſhe was a little recovered, Mr. Bragwell deſired his daughter to tell him how ſhe happened to be at that place juſt at that time.

In a weak voice ſhe began, My tale, Sir, is ſhort, but mournful.

I left your houſe, my dear father, ſaid Mrs. Incle, with a heart full of vain triumph. I had no doubt but my huſband was a great man who had put on that diſguiſe to obtain my hand. Judge then what I felt to find that he was a needy impoſtor, who wanted my money but did not care for me. This diſcovery, though mortified, did not humble me. I had

neither affection to bear with the man who had deceived me, nor religion to improve by the diſappointment. I have found that change of circumſtances does not change the heart, till God is pleaſed to do it. My misfortunes only taught me to rebel more againſt him. I thought God unjuſt; I accuſed my father, I was envious of my ſiſter, I hated my huſband; but never once did I blame myſelf. My huſband picked up a wretched ſubſiſtence by joining himſelf to any low ſcheme of idle pleaſure that was going on. He would follow a mountebank, carry a dice-box, or fiddle at a fair. He was always taunting me for the gentility on which I ſo much valued myſelf. If I had married a poor working girl, ſaid he, ſhe could now have got her bread; but a fine lady without money, is a burthen to her huſband and a plague to ſociety. Every trial which affection might have made lighter, we doubled by animoſity; at length my huſband was detected in uſing falſe dice; he fought with his accuſer, both were ſeized by a preſs-gang, and ſent to ſea. I was now left to the wide world, and miſerable as I had thought myſelf before, I ſoon found there were higher degrees o

misery. I was near my time, without bread for myself, or hope for my child. I set out on foot in search of the village where I had heard my husband say his friends lived. It was a severe trial to my proud heart to stoop to those low people, but hunger is not delicate, and I was near perishing. My husband's parents received me kindly, saying that though they had nothing but what they earned by their labour, yet I was welcome to share their hard fare, for they trusted that God who sent mouths would send meat also. They gave me a small room in their cottage, and many necessaries, which they denied themselves.

O, my child, interrupted Bragwell, every word cuts me to the heart. These poor people gladly gave thee of their little, while thy rich parents left thee to starve.

How shall I own, continued Mrs. Incle, that all this goodness could not soften my heart, for God had not yet touched it. I received all their kindness as a favour done to them. When my father brought me home any little dainty which he could

pick up, and my mother kindly dreſſed it for me, I would not condeſcend to eat it with them, but devoured it ſullenly in my little garret alone, ſuffering them to fetch and carry every thing I wanted. As my haughty behaviour was not likely to gain their affection, it was plain they did not love me: and as I had no notion that there were any other motives to good actions but fondneſs, or ſelf-intereſt, I was puzzled to know what could make them ſo kind to me, for of the powerful and conſtrainnig law of chriſtian charity I was quite ignorant. To cheat the weary hours, I looked about for ſome books, and found, among a few others of the ſame caſt, *Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.* But all thoſe books were addreſſed to *sinners;* now as I knew I was not a ſinner I threw them away in diſguſt. Indeed they were ill ſuited to a taſte formed by novels, to which reading I chiefly trace my ruin, for, vain as I was, I ſhould never have been guilty of ſo wild a ſtep as to run away, had not my heart been tainted, and my imagination inflamed, by thoſe pernicious books.

At length my little George was born. This added to the burthen I had brought on this poor family, but it did not diminiſh their kindneſs, and we continued to ſhare their ſcanty fare without any upbraiding on their part, or any gratitude on mine. Even this poor baby did not ſoften my heart; I wept over him indeed day and night, but they were tears of deſpair; I was always idle, and waſted thoſe hours in ſinful murmurs at his fate, which I ſhould have employed in trying to maintain him. Hardſhip, grief, and impatience, at length brought on a fever. Death ſeemed now at hand, and I felt a gloomy ſatisfaction in the thought of being rid of my miſeries, to which I fear was added, a ſullen joy to think that you, Sir, and my mother, would be plagued to hear of my death when it would be too late, and in this your grief, I anticipated a gloomy ſort of revenge. But it pleaſed my merciful God not to let me thus periſh in my ſins. My poor mother-in-law ſent for a good clergyman, who pointed out to me the danger of dying in that hard and unconverted ſtate ſo forcibly, that I ſhuddered to find on what a dreadful precipice I ſtood. He prayed with me, and for me,

ſo earneſtly, that at length God, who is ſometimes pleaſed to magnify his own glory in awakening thoſe who are dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, was pleaſed, of his free grace to open my blind eyes, and ſoften my ſtony heart. I ſaw myſelf a ſinner, and prayed to be delivered from the wrath of God, in compariſon of which the poverty and diſgrace I now ſuffered appeared as nothing. To a ſoul convinced of ſin, the news of a Redeemer was a joyful ſound. Inſtead of reproaching Providence, or blaming my parents, or abuſing my huſband, I now learnt to condemn myſelf, to adore that God who had not cut me off in my ignorance, to pray for pardon for the paſt, and grace for the time to come. I now deſired to ſubmit to penury and hunger in this world, ſo that I might but live in the fear of God here, and enjoy his favour in the world to come. I now learnt to compare my preſent light ſufferings, the conſequence of my own ſin, with thoſe bitter ſufferings of my Saviour which he endured for my ſake, and I was aſhamed of murmuring. But ſelf-ignorance, conceit, and vanity, were ſo rooted in me, that my progreſs was very gradual, and I had the ſorrow to feel,

how much the power of long bad habits keeps down the growth of religion in the heart, even after it has begun to take root. I was ſo ignorant of divine things, that I hardly knew words to frame a prayer; but when I got acquainted with the Pſalms, I there learnt how to pour out the fullneſs of my heart, while in the Goſpel I rejoiced to ſee what great things God had done for my ſoul.

I now took down once more from the ſhelf *Doddridge's Rise and Progress*, and, oh! with what new eyes did I read it! I now ſaw clearly, that not only the thief, and the drunkard, the murderer and the adulterer, are ſinners, for that I knew before; but I found that the unbeliever, the ſelfiſh, the proud, the worldly-minded, all, in ſhort, who live without God in the world are ſinners. I did not now apply the reproofs I met with to my huſband, or my father, or other people, as I uſed to do, but brought them home to myſelf. In this book I traced, with ſtrong emotions, and cloſe ſelf-application, the ſinner through all his courſe; his firſt awakening, his convictions, repentance, joys, ſorrows, backſliding, and recovery, deſ-

pondency, and delight, to a triumphant death-bed; and God was pleaſed to make it a chief inſtrument in bringing me to himſelf. Here it is, continued Mrs. Incle, untying her little bundle, and taking out a book, accept it, my dear father, and I will pray that God may bleſs it to you as He has done to me:

When I was able to come down, I paſſed my time with theſe good old people, and ſoon won their affection. I was ſurprized to find they had very good ſenſe, which I never had thought poor people could have; but, indeed, worldly perſons do not know how much religion, while it mends the heart, enlightens the underſtanding alſo. I now regretted the evenings I had waſted in my ſolitary garret, when I might have paſſed them in reading the Bible with theſe good folks. This was their refreſhing cordial after a weary day, which ſweetened the pains of want and age. I one day expreſſed my ſurprize that my unfortunate huſband, the ſon of ſuch pious parents, ſhould have turned out ſo ill: the poor old man ſaid with tears, I fear we have been guilty of the ſin of Eli; our love was of

the wrong ſort. Alas! like him, *we honoured our ſon more than God*, and God has ſmitten us for it. We ſhewed him what was right, but through a falſe indulgence, we did not correct him for what was wrong. We were blind to his faults. He was a handſome boy, with ſprightly parts; we took too much delight in thoſe outward things. He ſoon got above our management, and became vain, idle, and extravagant, and when we ſought to reſtrain him, it was then too late. We humbled ourſelves before God; but he was pleaſed to make our ſin become its own puniſhment. Timothy grew worſe and worſe; till he was forced to abſcond for a miſdemeanor; after which we never ſaw him, but have heard of him changing from one idle way of life to another, *unstable as water*: he has been a footman, a ſoldier, a ſhopman, and a ſtrolling actor. With deep ſorrow we trace back his vices to our ungoverned fondneſs; that lively and ſharp wit, by which he has been able to carry on ſuch a variety of wild ſchemes, might, if we had uſed him to reproof in his youth, have enabled

him to have done great ſervice for God and his country. But our flattery made him wiſe in his own conceit; and there is more hope of a fool than of him. We indulged our own vanity, and have deſtroyed his ſoul.

Here Mr. Worthy ſtopped Mrs. Incle, ſaying, that whenever he heard it lamented that the children of pious parents often turned out ſo ill, he could not help thinking that there muſt be frequently ſomething of this ſort of error in the bringing them up: he knew, indeed, ſome inſtances to the contrary, in which the beſt means had failed; but he believed, that from Eli the prieſt, to Incle the labourer, more than half the failures of this ſort might be traced to ſome miſtake, or vanity, or bad judgment, or ſinful indulgence in the parents.

I now looked about, continued Mrs. Incle, in order to ſee in what way I could aſſiſt my poor mother, regretting more heartily than ſhe did, that I knew no one thing that was of any uſe. I was ſo deſirous of hum-

bling myſelf before God and her, that I offered even to try to waſh.—You waſh! exclaimed Bragwell, ſtarting up with great emotion, Heaven forbid that with ſuch a fortune and education, Miſs Bragwell ſhould be ſeen at a waſhing-tub. This vain father, who could bear to hear of her diſtreſſes and her ſins, could not bear to hear of her waſhing. Mr. Worthy ſtopped him, ſaying, As to her fortune, you know, you refuſed to give her any; and, as to her education, you ſee it had not taught her how to do any thing better. I am ſorry you do not ſee in this inſtance, the beauty of Chriſtian humility. For my own part, I ſet a greater value on ſuch an active proof of it, than on a whole volume of profeſſions. Mr. Bragwell did not quite underſtand this, and Mrs. Incle went on. What to do to get a penny I knew not. Making of fillagree, or card-purſes, or cutting out paper, or dancing and ſinging, was of no uſe in our village. The ſhopkeeper, indeed, would have taken me, if I had known any thing of accounts; and the clergyman could have got me a

nurſery-maid's place, if I could have done good plain-work. I made ſome aukward attempts to learn to ſpin and knit, when my mother's wheel or knitting lay by, but I ſpoilt both through my ignorance. At laſt I luckily thought upon the fine netting I uſed to make for my trimmings, and it ſtruck me that I might turn this to ſome little account. I procured ſome twine, and worked early and late to make nets for fiſhermen, and cabbage-nets. I was ſo pleaſed that I had at laſt found an opportunity to ſhew my good-will by this mean work, that I regretted my little George was not big enough to contribute his ſhare to our ſupport by travelling about to ſell my nets.

Cabbage-nets! exclaimed Bragwell there is no bearing this.—Cabbage-nets My grandſon hawk cabbage-nets How could you think of ſuch a ſcandalous thing?—Sir, ſaid Mrs. Incl mildly, I am now convinced that nothing is ſcandalous which is not wicked. Beſides, we were in want; an neceſſity, as well as piety, would hav

reconciled me to this mean trade. Mr. Bragwell groaned, and bade her go on.

In the mean time, my little George grew a fine boy; and I adored the goodneſs of God, who, in the ſweetneſs of maternal love, had given me a reward for many ſufferings. Inſtead of indulging a gloomy diſtruſt about the fate of this child, I now reſigned him to the will of God. Inſtead of lamenting becauſe he was not likely to be rich, I was reſolved to bring him up with ſuch notions as might make him contented to be poor. I thought, if I could ſubdue all vanity and ſelfiſhneſs in him, I ſhould make him a happier man than if I had thouſands to beſtow on him; and I truſted, that I ſhould be rewarded for every painful act of preſent ſelf-denial, by the future virtue and happineſs of my child. Can you believe it, my dear father, my days now paſt not unhappily? I worked hard all day, and that alone is a ſource of happineſs beyond what the idle can gueſs. After my child was aſleep at night, I read a chapter in the Bible to my parents, whoſe eyes now began to fail

them. We then thanked God over our frugal ſupper of potatoes, and talked over the holy men of old, the ſaints, and the martyrs, who would have thought our homely fare a luxury. We compared our peace, and liberty, and ſafety, with their bonds, and impriſonment, and tortures; and ſhould have been aſhamed of a murmur. We then joined in prayer, in which my abſent parents and my huſband were never forgotten, and went to reſt in charity with the whole world, and at peace in our own ſouls.

Oh! my forgiving child! interrupted Mr. Bragwell, ſobbing, and didſt thou really pray for thy unnatural father, and lie down in reſt and peace? Then let me tell thee, thou waſt better off than thy mother and I were.—But no more of this; go on.

Whether my father-in-law had worked beyond his ſtrength, in order to ſupport me and my child, I know not, but he was taken dangerouſly ill. While he lay in this ſtate, we received an account that my huſband

was dead in the Weſt-Indies of the yellow fever, which has carried off ſuch numbers of our countrymen; we all wept together, and prayed that his awful death might quicken us in preparing for our own. This ſhock, joined to the fatigue of nurſing her ſick huſband, ſoon brought my poor mother to death's door. I nurſed them both, and felt a ſatisfaction in giving them all I had to beſtow, my attendance, my tears, and my prayers. I, who was once ſo nice and ſo proud, ſo diſdainful in the midſt of plenty, and ſo impatient under the ſmalleſt inconvenience, was now enabled to glorify God by my activity and my ſubmiſſion. Though the ſorrows of my heart were enlarged, I caſt my burthen on him who cares for the weary and the heavy laden. After having watched by theſe poor people the whole night, I ſat down to breakfaſt on my dry cruſt and coarſe diſh of tea, without a murmur; my greateſt grief was, leſt I ſhould bring away the infection to my dear boy. I prayed to know what it was my duty to do between my dying parents, and my

helpleſs child. To take care of the ſick and aged, ſeemed to be my duty. So I offered up my child to him who is the father of the fatherleſs, and he ſpared him to me.

The chearful piety with which theſe good people breathed their laſt, proved to me, that the temper of mind with which the pious poor commonly meet death, is a grand compenſation made them by Providence for all the hardſhips of their inferior condition. If they have had few joys and comforts in life already, and have ſtill fewer hopes in ſtore, is not all fully made up to them by their being enabled to leave this world with ſtronger deſires of heaven, and without thoſe bitter regrets after the good things of this life, which add to the dying tortures of the worldly rich? To the forlorn and deſtitute death is not terible, as it is to him who *sits at ease in his possessions*, and who fears that this night his ſoul ſhall be required of him.

Mr. Bragwell felt this remark more deeply than his daughter meant he

ſhould. He wept and bade her proceed.

I followed my departed parents to the ſame grave, and wept over them, but not as one who had no hope. They had neither houſes nor lands to leave me, but they left me their Bible, their bleſſing, and their example, of which I humbly truſt I ſhall feel the benefits when all the riches of this world ſhall have an end. Their few effects, conſiſting of ſome poor houſehold goods, and ſome working-tools, hardly ſufficed to pay their funeral expences. I was ſoon attacked with the ſame fever, and ſaw myſelf, as I thought, dying the ſecond time; my danger was the ſame, but my views were changed. I now ſaw eternity in a more awful light than I had done before, when I wickedly thought death might be gloomily called upon as a refuge from every common trouble. Though I had ſtill reaſon to be humbled on account of my ſin, yet through the grace of God, I ſaw Death ſtripped of his ſting, and robbed of his terrors, *through him, who loved me, and had given himſelf*

for me; and in the extremity of pain, *my soul rejoiced in God my Saviour.*

I recovered, however, and was chiefly ſupported by the kind clergyman's charity. When I felt myſelf nouriſhed and cheered by a little tea or broth, which he daily ſent me from his own ſlender proviſion, my heart ſmote me, to think how I had daily ſat down at home to a plentiful dinner, without any ſenſe of thankfulneſs for my own abundance, or without enquiring whether my poor ſick neighbours were ſtarving; and I ſorrowfully remembered, that what my poor ſiſter and I uſed to waſte through daintineſs, would now have comfortably fed myſelf and child. Believe me, my dear mother, a labouring man who has been brought low by a fever, might often be reſtored to his work ſome weeks ſooner, if on his recovery he was nouriſhed and ſtrengthened by a good bit from a farmer's table. Leſs than is often thrown to a favourite ſpaniel would ſuffice, ſo that the expence would be almoſt nothing to the giver, while to the re-

ceiver it would bring health, and ſtrength, and comfort.

By the time I was tolerably recovered, I was forced to leave the houſe. I had no human proſpect of ſubſiſtence. I humbly aſked of God to direct my ſteps, and to give me entire obedience to his will. I then caſt my eyes mournfully on my child, and though prayer had relieved my heart of a load which without it would have been intolerable; my tears flowed faſt, while I cried out in the bitterneſs of my ſoul, *How many hired ſervants of my father have bread enough, and to ſpare, and I perish with hunger.* This text appeared a kind of anſwer to my prayer, and gave me courage to make one more attempt to ſoften you in my favour. I reſolved to ſet out directly to find you, to confeſs my diſobedience, and to beg a ſcanty pittance, with which I and my child might be meanly ſupported in ſome diſtant country, where we ſhould not diſgrace our more happy relations. We ſet out and travelled as faſt as my weak health and poor George's little feet

and ragged ſhoes would permit. I brought a little bundle of ſuch work and neceſſaries as I had left, by ſelling which we ſubſiſted on the road. —I hope, interrupted Bragwell, there were no cabbage-nets in it?—At leaſt, ſaid her mother, I hope you did not ſell them near home.—No; I had none left, ſaid Mrs. Incle, or I ſhould have done it. I got many a lift in a waggon for my child and my bundle, which was a great relief to me. And here I cannot help ſaying, I wiſh drivers would not be too hard in their demands, if they help a poor ſick traveller on a mile or two; it proves a great relief to weary bodies and naked feet; and ſuch little cheap charities may be conſidered as *the cup of cold water*, which if given on right grounds, *ſhall not loſe its reward.* Here Bragwell ſighed, to think that when mounted on his fine bay mare, or driving his neat chaiſe, it had never once croſſed his mind that the poor way-worn foot traveller was not equally at his eaſe, or that ſhoes were a neceſſary accomodation. Thoſe who want nothing are apt to forget how

many there are who want every thing.—Mrs. Incle went on: I got to this village about ſeven this evening, and while I ſat on the church-yard wall to reſt and meditate how I ſhould make myſelf known at home, I ſaw a funeral; I enquired whoſe it was and learnt it was my ſiſter's. This was too much for me. I ſunk down in a fit, and knew nothing that happened to me from that moment, till I found myſelf in the workhouſe with my father and Mr. Worthy.

Here Mrs. Incle ſtopped. Grief, ſhame, pride, and remorſe, had quite overcome Mr. Bragwell, He wept like a child; and ſaid, he hoped his daughter would pray for him, for that he was not in a condition to pray for himſelf, though he found nothing elſe could give him any comfort. His deep dejection brought on a fit of ſickneſs: O! ſaid he, I now begin to feel an expreſſion in the ſacrament which I uſed to repeat without thinking it had any meaning, the *remembrance of my ſins is grievous, the burthen of them is intoleſable.* O, it is awful to think what a

ſinner a man may be, and yet retain a decent character! How many thouſands are in my condition, taking to themſelves all the credit of their proſperity, inſtead of giving God the glory! Heaping up riches to their hurt, inſtead of dealing their bread to the hungry. O, let thoſe who hear of the Bragwell family, never ſay that *vanity is a little ſin.* In *me* it has been the fruitful parent of a thouſand ſins, ſelfiſhneſs, hardneſs of heart, forgetfulneſs of God. In one of my ſons vanity was the cauſe of rapine, injuſtice, extravagance, ruin, ſelf-murder. Both my daughters were undone by vanity, though it only wore the more harmleſs ſhape of dreſs, idleneſs, and diſſipation. The huſband of my daughter Incle it deſtroyed, by leading him to live above his ſtation, and to deſpiſe labour. Vanity enſnared the ſouls even of his pious parents; for while it led them to wiſh to ſee their ſon in a better condition, it led them to allow him ſuch indulgencies as were unfit for his own. O, you who hear of us, humble yourſelves under the mighty hand of God; reſiſt high thoughts; let every imagination be brought into obedience to the Son of God. If you ſet

a value on finery look into that grave; behold the mouldering body of my Betſey, who now ſays to *Corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my mother and my sister.* Look at the bloody and brainleſs head of her huſband. O, Mr. Worthy, how does Providence mock at human foreſight! I have been greedy of gain, that the ſon of Mr. Squeeze might be a great man; he is dead; while the child of Timothy Incle, whom I had doomed to beggary will be my heir. Mr. Worthy, to you I commit this boy's education; teach him to value his immortal ſoul more, and the good things of this life leſs, than I have done. Bring him up in the fear of God, and in the government of his paſſions. Teach him that unbelief and pride are at the root of all ſin. I have found this to my coſt. I truſted in my riches; I ſaid, tomorrow ſhall be as this day and more abundant. I did not remember that *for all these things God would bring me to judgment.* I am not ſure that I believed in a judgment.

Bragwell at length grew better, but he never recovered his ſpirits. The con-

duct of Mrs. Incle through life was that of an humble Chriſtian. She ſold all her ſiſter's finery, which her father had given her, and gave the money to the poor, ſaying, it did not become one who profeſſed penitence, to return to the gaieties of life. Mr. Bragwell did not oppoſe this; not that he had fully acquired a juſt notion of the ſelf-denying ſpirit of religion, but having a head not very clear at making diſtinctions, he was never able, after the ſight of Squeeze's mangled body, to think of gaiety and grandeur, without thinking at the ſame time, of a piſtol and bloody brains; for, as his firſt introduction into gay life had preſented him with all theſe objects at one view, he never afterwards could ſeparate them in his mind. He even kept his fine beaufet of plate always ſhut, becauſe it brought to his mind the grand unpaid-for ſideboard that he had ſeen laid out for Mr. Squeeze's ſupper, to the remembrance of which he could not help tacking debts, priſons, executions, and ſelf-murder.

Mr. Bragwell's heart had been ſo buried in the love of the world, and evil habits were become ſo rooted in him that the progreſs he made in religion was very ſlow; yet he earneſtly prayed and ſtruggled againſt vanity; and when his unfeeling wife declared ſhe could not love the boy unleſs he was called by their name inſtead of Incle, Mr. Bragwell would never conſent, ſaying, he ſtood in need of every help againſt pride. He alſo got the letter which Squeeze wrote juſt before he ſhot himſelf framed and glazed; this he hung up in his chamber, and made it a rule to go and read it as often as he found his heart diſpoſed to VANITY. Z.

FINIS.

NEW CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O how wond'rous is the ſtory
  Of our bleſt Redeemer's birth !
See the mighty Lord of Glory
  Leaves his heaven to viſit earth !

Hear with tranſport, every creature,
  Hear the Goſpel's joyful ſound ;
Chriſt appears in human nature,
  In our ſinful world is found ;

Comes to pardon our tranſgreſſions,
  Like a cloud our ſins to blot;
Comes to his own favoured nation,
  But his own receive him not.

If the angels who attended
  To declare the Saviour's birth,
Who from heaven with ſongs deſcended
  To proclaim good will on earth ;

If in pity to our blindneſs,
  They had brought the pardon needed,
Still Jehovah's wond'rous kindneſs
  Had our warmeſt hopes exceeded ;

If ſome Prophet had been ſent
With ſalvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the bleſt event
Could their warmeſt love refuſe?

But 'twas HE to whom in heaven
Hallalujah's never ceaſe;
He, the mighty God, was given,
Given to us a Prince of Peace.

None but he who did create us
Could redeem from ſin and hell;
None but he could re-inſtate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had he come, the glorious ſtranger,
Deck'd with all the world calls great,
Had he liv'd in pomp and grandeur,
Crown'd with more than royal ſtate;

Still our tongues with praiſe o'erflowing,
On ſuch boundleſs love would dwell,
Still our hearts with rapture glowing,
Speak what words could never tell.

But what wonder ſhould it raiſe
Thus our loweſt ſtate to borrow!
O the high myſterious ways,
God's own Son a child of ſorrow!

'Twas to bring us endleſs pleaſure,
He our ſuffering nature bore,
'Twas to give us heavenly treaſure
He was willing to be poor.

Come ye rich, ſurvey the ſtable
Where your infant ſaviour lies;
From your full o'erflowing table
Send the hungry good ſupplies.

Boaſt not your ennobled ſtations,
Boaſt not that you're highly fed;
Jeſus, hear it all ye nations,
Had not where to lay his head.

Learn of me, thus cries the ſaviour,
If my kingdom you'd inherit
Sinner, quit your proud behaviour,
Learn my meek and lowly ſpirit.

Come ye ſervants ſee your ſtation,
Freed from all reproach and ſhame
He who purchas'd your ſalvation,
Bore a ſervants humble name.

Come ye poor, ſome comfort gather,
Faint not in the race you run,
Hard the lot your gracious father
Gave his dear, his only Son.

Think that if your humble ſtations,
Leſs of worldly good beſtow,
You eſcape thoſe ſtrong temptations
Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See your Saviour is aſcended!
See he looks with pity down!
Truſt him all will ſoon be mended
Bear his croſs you'll ſhare his crown.